

# News from Morefields : Or, The Wanton Wag: Or, Ione go tot.

Her Name was *Ione*, and she'd go to't she swore,  
She'd exercise each part ere she'd live poor,  
She reckons up her Lovers one by one,  
Now from the Park, she to *Morefields* is gone.  
To the Tunc of, *Steering my coast one night, &c.*



**N**o trading grown dead and i' be nothing to do,  
Some part of my Lovers i' le reckon to you:  
Who seldom came to me unless it were dark.  
their aim it was good, for they ne'r miss'd a my spark.  
I first a young Girl did come up to the colon,  
Then I thought my self fine in a Paragon Down,  
at her side I got, and a good spatter too,  
For he was a jorneyer and taught me to do.  
Then twenty weeks after my belly did swell,  
And what i' should do poor i' could not tell:  
He gave me some Duncy, and bid me be gone,  
Thus I with my Maiden head went all alone.  
Then next did I meet with a bestriding Spark,  
Who told me i' had best get into the Park,  
I took his advice and thither I went,  
But of my great belly I did me repent.  
Put after the Midwife her Office had done  
He told me I was wither to a very fine son;

But quickly that w'd, and I was one of my pain,  
And now for a Pail, i' may well be gain.  
It was next a young Lawyer that bid me stop,  
He swore I was right by the call of my eye:  
He wisely makes at me I was what he meant,  
He gave me a Guinny, then told his intent.  
His man partly gart what his man did do,  
He long'd for to taste of a little bit too:  
On the Morrow he comes with a whole Quarters  
And proffers it all if with him I would play. (pay,  
An Old Piler asht me if that I was willing,  
To turn up my head he would give me a spinning:  
Then fumbling he came, but I put him quite by,  
But he dropt me an Angel, then when I did cry.  
The next was a Barber who swore he would trim me  
He had that would please if the devil was't in me:  
He with his Hall-crown gave the Doctor a sic,  
The Cases straight set open, then entered he.

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And now for a Pail, i' may well complain.  
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He swore I was right by the call of my eye:  
He wisely makes at me I wote what he meant,  
He gave me a Guinny, then told his intent.  
His man partly gart what his master did do,  
He long'd for to taste of a little bit too:  
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## The second part, to the same tune

Then next comes a Taylor with needle & thimble,  
 Whose hands at my Blacket began to be nimble  
 I bid him forbear, for unless he had coyn,  
 He should not take measure of that Coney of mine.  
 From highest to lowest I know I had my part,  
 'Twas their money, not they, that rejoiced my heart:  
 The next that came to me was a Cobler I tell ye,  
 Who for his half-crown would faine feel of my belly  
 Then in comes a Courtier who bust a fl-a-moore,  
 Whose hands to crack did know the right roob:  
 With pray he forbear, then I softly did cry,  
 But a yellow-brown piece made me quietly lye.  
 A blustering Captain came pushing in haste,  
 And eagerly clasp'd his strong arms round my waist  
 Then backwards he brake me, a pound was his price  
 But the rogue was so lusty that he smote he'd do't  
 (twice.)

A Surgeon that newly was come out of Spain,  
 With his instruments would faine open a vein,  
 But to part with his Coyn he could not endure,  
 But if e're I was Clapt he would give me the cure  
 Then next a stout Souldier to my Lodging did run,  
 He of me did beg to make use of my Gun:  
 Said if that bullets of Alder he had store,  
 He might shoot till his heart was and never give o're.

A Merchant that newly was come from the Seas,  
 Took a view of my body, which did very well please:  
 He seldom was from me, for he lov'd well the game,  
 And he gave me two pieces e're time that he came.

A Wine-cooper treated me with the best Hack,  
 And all to part - me me to lye on my back,  
 Some Wine and some Poney together did he,  
 I then he of my Firkins must needs take a view.

A Cook that had roasted himself in the fire,  
 To give me a sopst it was his desire:  
 But I quickly perceiv'd what it was he'd be at,  
 He pray'd me to lend him a hit for his Cat.  
 Too tedious, I could be if all I should name,  
 That with me hath freicht since better I came:  
 Of all faces of transgression I've try'd one or more,  
 Besides those brave Gallants I've reckon'd before.  
 But since that the Park begins to be pooz,  
 I'll lye to orchards, there's Cullies good store:  
 Whil' that I live here, hereafter I'll tell,  
 Such so my dear Bullies and Cullies farewell.

FINIS.